A Crime by botanicapoetica

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This, though. This, he knows.

A Crime

Author's Note:

- For singing_to_shipwreck.

MERRY CHRISTMAS COLLEEN

The back of Steve's car was too small, but it didn't matter. The leather snagged his skin, ripped at his back, caught his hair. The muscles in his legs screamed at him but he let them be yanked and shoved up and pulled on anyway. At least it felt like something close to the thing he kept close, the small object withering in his chest.

He opened his eyes, looking up at the face above him, taking in Steve's blown out pupils and the sweat throwing his hair in all directions. Knew it was his time to strike. "C'mon, Harrington, fuck. Come on." Billy ground out between clenched teeth. He snatched one of Steve's hands and laid it on his hip, forcing the long fingers to dig in as hard as they could until he knew they'd do it on their own.

It was like this every time except for the first. The first time had been cautious on Steve's part, and hearing the other boy ask him if what he was doing was okay had made him feel like a glass bottle, thrown heavily down and smashed into smithereens. He never wanted to feel that again, like Steve had reached in and peeled his skin back and left him absolutely nowhere to retreat. So he made it hurt, tried to make Steve mean, make himself feel anything but looked after.

This though, this was familiar. Guiding Steve's hand to his neck was familiar, goading Steve into calling him a piece of shit while he was being folded in on himself and held still was familiar.

Tonight he was all raw nerves, and he knew what he could do. He spurred Steve on, getting him to fuck him as hard as he could with jabs and pushes. "Slap me, come on." He said, waiting until Steve was thrusting erratically enough for Billy to tell he was close, not thinking. The second the sting on his cheek hit him it was like being dunked in honey. He felt his eyes flutter closed, a few treacherous tears inching their way down and having Billy hoping Steve wouldn't

give a shit enough to see.

When it was over he straightened his shirt and yanked his pants back up, a thick and silent tension filling the car. As he was pushing the door open with his foot a hand closed around his arm, gentler than it had been all night.

“Why do you do that? Why do you want someone to do that to you? You don’t seem like you enjoy it.” Steve said, not accusing or cutting like Billy had hoped but curious and sympathetic instead. The tone made him feel sick. He shook the hand off and climbed all the way out, zipping his jacket up to give his hands something to do other than shake.

“See you later, Steve.”